





There beginneth the lyf of the moste myschewoult  
Robert the deuyll whiche was afterwarde called þ  
seruaunt of god.

**T**befel in syne past there was a duke in nor  
mandye whiche was called ouberte the whis  
the duke was passing ryche of goodes & also ver  
tuous of luyng and loued and dired god aboue a  
thinge and dede greate almosse dedes and exceded  
all other in ryghtwysnesse and iustice / and woalte  
chualrouse in dedes of armes and noble actes dos  
inge. this duke hilde open hous upon a cristmasse  
daye in a towne whiche was called Nauerne vpon  
the seyne To the whiche course came al the lordes  
and noble blode of Normandye. And bycause this  
noble duke was not marayd his lordes and nobles  
with one assente besought hym to marye and take  
a wyfe / to shentence that his lygnage myght be  
multipliyed there by / and that they myghte haue a  
ryghte heire to enheryce his lordes after his dysces  
se. To the whiche requeste this good duke answ  
ered and sayde. My lordes what chynge that ye thin  
ke best for me to do shal be done / vpon a condicion  
in that ye wyl that I be marayd that ye purvey me  
a wyf accordinge to myne estate for and yf I shold  
coueyce ony heyer or noblyer of blode thā I am my  
selfe that myght not stonde with ryght. and yf I ta  
ke one that is not of so noble an house as I am that  
sholde be to me grete shame & al my lygnage wher  
fore me chynke it were better þ I kepee me as I am  
than to do that chynge that sholde not be myne ho

nestle and afterwarde repente me. Whan chise wores  
were spoken & well consydered by þ lordes that  
stode there present then there rose vp a wylc baron  
and sayde to the duke. My lorde ye speke very wylc  
ly and lyke a noble prince/but yf it please your hys  
nestle to gyue audience and here me speke I shal shew  
ye you of a certayne persone of whome ye shall en  
joye your self to here of her. and the whiche ye shal  
obteyn I knowe well. Than answered the duke  
and sayde shewe me than who that persone is/gra  
cious lorde sayd the baron unto þ duke. the duke of  
bourgone hath a doughter whiche excedeth all o  
ther in beaulte curtesye and debonayre wylome &  
good maners the whiche ye may haue yf ye wyl de  
syre her. for I knowe well there wyl noo man saye  
naye thereto. To the whiche the good duke answe  
red and sayde. that lady playled hym ryght well &  
that the baron had gyuen hym good and wylc cou  
sell. And in shorte tyme after that this lady was de  
maunded of her fader the duke of bourgone. Whis  
she gaue hym her wyllyngly. And thenne theyr  
bridale was kept honourably whiche were so long  
ge to wylte.

**C**how the duke of Normandy with grete royalte  
brought his wyfe the doughter of the duke of hour  
gon into roan in Normandy after he had maried  
her.



**A**fter þe forsayde Duke hadde maryed  
the sayde lady he broughte her with a grete  
company of barons knyghtes & ladyes with greate  
triumphe and glorye in to the londe of normandye  
and in to the Lyte of Roan / in whiche Lyte she  
was honourably receyued and with grete melodye  
& there was grete amysse betwene þe bourgonyons &

the normans whiche I lete passe. for to come þ soner  
to my mater. þ forsayd duke and duchesse lyued to  
gyder the space of. x viii. yere withoute ony chylde  
wether it were goddes wyll it sholde be so. or if we  
re chorowe theyr owne defaulete I can not Juge it  
for it were better other whyle that some people had  
no chylde. and also it were better for the fader &  
moder to geue no chylde neither for lacke of chasty  
synge. the chylde and fader and moder sholde al  
go to the deuyll. yet were these duke and duchesse de  
uouse people whiche loued and drieđe god and gaue  
grete almes & what tyme this Duke wolde meddle  
with his lady he euer prayed to god to sende him a  
chylde to honoure and serue god and to multiplye  
and fortefye his lygnage. but nother with prayer  
nor with almes dedes this good duke and duchesse  
coude geue no chylde.

**C**how vpon a tyme this Duke and duchesse wal  
ked allone sore complaynyng the one to the other þ  
they coude haue no chylde to gyder

**A**pon a tyme this duke & duchesse walked  
and the duke began to shewe his mynde to  
his lady saynge thus madame we be not fortuna  
ce in so moche that we canne geue no chylde and  
they that made þ maryage betwene vs boþ they  
dyde grete synne for I belue & ye had ben gyuen to  
an other man ye sholde haue had chylde and I al  
so þ. I hadde an other ladye this lady vndersto  
de þ. saynge she answered softly saynge thus  
good lord we muste thanke god of that whiche he  
sendeth vs & take it pacently of what so euer ic he.

**H**ow roberke the deuyll was conceyned and how  
hys moder gaue hym to the deuyll in his concepcion



**H**ys duke vpon a syne rode ouſe on houſynge  
in a grece angre and pensifnes for ough  
that he coude haue no chylde sore complaynage say  
enge chus to hymselfe / I see many wymmen haue  
many fayre chyldren in whyche they enioye gretly  
them by whyche I see well that I am hated of god  
& meruayle it is þ I fall not in dispayre for it greue  
the me so sore at my herte þ I can gete no chyldren

A iſt

hen þ denyll whiche is alwaye redy to decepþe mā  
kynde. tempted the good duke & troubled his myn-  
de so that he wylt not what to do nor saye. thus mo-  
ued he left his huntynge and went home to his pa-  
lays were he foude his lady also vexed & moued. as  
he come home he toke her in his armes & kyssed her  
and dyde his wyll with her layenge his prayers to  
our lorde. in this wylle O lorde iesu I beseche the þ  
I maye gete a chylde at this houre by the whiche þ  
mayste be honoured & serued. but the lady beinge so  
re moued spake thus folysshly & layd in the deuylls  
name be it in so moche as god hath not the power  
that I conceyue and yf I be conceyued with chylde  
in this houre I gyue it to the deuyl body and soule  
and this same houre that this duke & duches were  
thus moued the layde lady was conceyued with a  
man chylde whiche in his lyf wrought moche mis-  
chefe as ye shall here after here. but afterwarde he  
was conuerted and dyde grete penaunce and dyed  
a holy man as is shewed here after.

**C**how robert the deuyll was borne and what grete  
payne his moder suffred in his byrth.

**T**his duchesse as ye haue herd before was con-  
ceyued with the forlayde chylde whiche she  
bare ix. monches as comunly women go with chil-  
de. and ye may well perceyue þ this lady coude not  
be deliuered without grete Payne for she traueilid  
more thā a moneth. & yf good prayers had not ben  
and almes dedes good werkes & grete penaunce do-  
ne for her. she had deyed of chylde for all the ladys

¶ gentylwome that were with her wened the wols  
de haue perysshed & deyed in crauayl yge. wherfore  
they were gretly abasshed & aferde with þ meruey/  
soule noyse & tokens that they herde & se in the byr  
the of chelayde Roberte the deuyll in that this chylde  
de was borne the shye waxed as derke as though  
it had ben nyghte as it is shewed in olde cronycles  
that it thodred and lyghned so sore that men thou  
ghete the firmament had ben open & all the wold  
sholde haue perysshed. And ther blewe so moche  
wynde oute of the .iiii. quarters of the wold & was  
siche storne and tempest that al the hous trembled  
so sore þ it shoke a grete pece of it to the erth i so mo  
che þ al they that were in the hous wened þ þ wold  
had bene at an ende & þ they w the hous & al shold  
haue solken but in shorte tyme it pleased god that all  
this trouble ceased & the weder clerid vp & þ chylde  
was broughte to the chyrche to be crystened whiche  
was named Robert. This chylde was a large of  
stature at his byth & he had ben a yere olde wher  
of the people had grete wonder. and as this chylde  
was a berþge to the chyrche to be crystened & home  
ayene it never seaced crynge and houlynge. and in  
shorte space he had longe teech wherwith he bothe þ  
noysshes pappes in siche wyle that there was noo  
woman durste gyue hym souke for he bothe of the he  
de of theyr brestes. Wherfore they were feyne to gy  
ue hym souke and to bryng hym vp with an horne  
and whā he was twelue moneth olde he coude spe  
ke and go allone better than other chyldeyn that  
were thre yere olde. and the elder that this chylde ro

Verse wared þ more curster and wyckedder he wax-  
ed for as lone as he coude goo allone ther was no-  
ther man nor woman that coude rule hym and whā  
he founde or coude come by ony chyldeyne he smote  
and hote and caste stones at them and brake theyr  
armes and legges and neckes and scratte out their  
eyen oute of theyr hedes and ther in was all his  
pleasure and the lordes and gentylles that sawe this  
had grete delyte ther in wenynge to them it hadde  
bene but the youthe and wanconelle.

**H**owe all the chyldeyne with one assente named  
this chylde Roberte the deuyll.

**R**his chylde with in fewe yeres grewe mar-  
tiallously and more and more encresed of al  
and boldnes and shrewdnes / & set by no correccyon  
but was cuer smytinge / & castinge and cursed dedes  
doinge to all thē that he myghte mete in the stretes  
in so moche that ther was nother man ne woman  
nor chylde that durst mete with hym but fled a waye  
for fere / & drieđe as the deuyll fleesh frome þ holywa-  
ter / & some tyme ther gadered to gyder al the boyes  
of the strete to fyghte with hym / but whan they see  
hym come they durste not abyde hym / but cried one  
to another here cometh the wode Robert an other  
many cryed here cometh the cursed madde robert / &  
some cryed here cometh robert the deuyll / & thus cry-  
enge / & howlynge they voyded all the stretes for they  
durst not abyde / & loke hym in þ face / and forth with  
the chyldeyne þ knewe hym w one assente called hym  
robert þ deuyll whiche name he kepte duringe his

lyf & shall do as longe as the woldē stondesh / whā  
this chylde was. seuen. vere olde or there abouste the  
duke his fader / seynge and consyderynge his wyc,  
hēd condicions called hym and layde vnto h̄̄ thus  
my sone me thynke it necessary and tyme / for me to  
gete you a wylle scole mayster and put you to scole,  
to lerne vertues and doctrine for ye be of age ynow-  
ghe and whan the duke had thus layde / he beseke  
his sone to a good discret and wylle scole mayster to  
rule and teche hym al good condicions & maners  
¶ How robert kylled his scole mayster.

**R**ittel fell vpon a daye þ his scole mayster shold  
chastyle robert & wolde haue made him to ha-  
ue left his cursed condicions & mischeuous dedes but  
robert gat a murderer or bodkin & thrast his may-  
ster in the bely þ his guckles fell at his fece and so fel  
downe dede to the erth. and robert threwe his boke  
ayenst the walles in despyste of his mayster laynge  
thus now haue I caughte the that never prest nor  
clerk shal correcte me nor be my mayster and from  
thens forth there coude noo scole mayster be founde  
that was so bolde to take in honde to teche and cor-  
recte this Robert but were gladde to let hym allone  
and haue his owne wayes / and he put hymselfe to  
wyce & myschef and curssidnes & to no maner of ver-  
tue nor grace nor none wolde ne lerne for noo man  
lyuyng / but mocked with god & holy chyrche and  
whan he came in to the chyrche & founde the prestes  
& clarkes singyng goddes lernyng / he came preuely  
behynde them & caste ashes or dust in to theyr mou-  
ches in dispyste of god / And whan he sawe ony bō-

dy in the chyrche bely in theyr prayers he wolde to  
me behynde the & gyue the a sowle in the necke that  
theyr hedes kyssed the grounde in so moche that  
euery creature banned and cursed hym for his wyc  
ked dedes dognge. And the noble Duke his fader  
seyng this myschewous disposityon & cursed lyf of  
his lone he was so angry & sore vexed w hym selfe  
that he wylshed hym self many tymes dede & out of  
the wold. And the duchesse in lyke wyle was gret  
ly moued & moche sorrowful by cause of the mische  
uous lyf of her lone. saynge to her loide in this wye  
se my loide our lone is now of sufficent age and a  
ble to bere armes wherfore me thynke if were beste  
that ye made hym knyght yf than he wold remem  
bre shordre of knyghchode wherby he myght chaū  
ge his condicyon and leue his wychednesse. The  
Duke was here with all content. And Roberte had  
at that tyme but eyghtene yere of age.

**T**hō Roberte the deuyll was made knyghte by the  
Duke his fader.

**T**his duhr asembled vpō a hye feest of whit  
sontyde al his barons & nobles of his londe  
& the next of his kyn & frendes in þ presence of who  
me he called his lone to hym saynge thus. herke my  
lone Roberte and take hede what I shall tell you. It  
is so that by shaduyl of my counsell and good frē  
des I am nowe aduyled to make you a knyghte to  
þentent that ye wch ocher knyghtes sholde be con  
uersaut occupye & haunce cheualrye and knyghtes  
condicyon to þentente that ye shall leue and forye

your vices & vylaynous werkis & moste harshlye  
Robere her yngt this answered his fader the duke.  
I shal doo youre commaundement but as for the  
order of knyghthode I set no chynge therby. for ther  
re is no degré shall cause me leue my condicions nor  
make me to chaunge my lyfe nor to breke my wyl  
for I am not in that mynde to doo ony better than  
I haue done hecherto. nor alter myne olde costume  
nor to amende for no man lyuyng it was the costume  
of that londe that on whitsonyght the chyrche  
sholde be watched and tended with moche people.  
And therer ranne this robert lyke a madde man be  
singe and bonchýge and ouerthrowynge al theym  
that came in his waye. feringe nother god nor þ de-  
uyll. and he was never styll of all that nyghte and  
in the mornynge whan it was daye Roberte was  
made knyghse. Thenne this duke commaunded a  
tournayment or iustynge to be made in whiche to-  
urnayment the layde robert wrought maystries & de-  
de meruaylous dedes of armes in kyllinge and be-  
ryng dounre hōsse & man noo man refulinge nor  
ferynge. but bare alle to the grounde that came in  
his waye. of some he brake armes and some legges  
some theyr neckes or bare them thoroewe and kyl-  
led them out of the honde. frome hym wense none  
unmarked in whiche iustynge þ sayd robert kylled  
x. hōsles. the duke heringe how his sonne mylched  
and murdred all þ came in to his hondes he wense  
himself in to the tournayment & comauded vpon  
a greate payne. þ euery man sholde seale & renne no  
more. thenne Robert rored for anger as he had been

Wode & wolde not obeye his fader comandement  
but abode styl in þ fylde smyghte & no thynge spr  
tinge moche worse than he dyde before. and had no  
pise nother of horse nor man so that he kylled of þ  
moste valiautes knyghtes that therer were comen  
to tourney. than every man cried vpon Robert to  
lese but it auailed not for he wold not lese for no man  
nor there was no man so bolde to encoütre hym. for  
þycause þ he was so stronge this robert dyde so mo  
che mischefe that all the peple were in a core & affe  
bled all with one assene in a grete angre and rannen  
to the duke complaynyngesayge thus lord ye be gre  
ly to blame þ ye suffre youre loun to doo as he doth  
we beseeche you for goddes sake to fynde some reme  
dye for þy to cause him to lese or leue his misrule.

*Robert*  
*Nov 10*

**T**hough Robert the devyll rode abouste the countrey  
of normandy robbynge stelinge mordryng & bri  
myng chyrches abbayes & other holy places of reli  
gion & forsyng of women & rauishyng of maydes.

**T**han whan Robert le ther was no man mo  
re lefe in þ fylde & that he coude do no more  
michefe there. than he tolk his horse with the spow  
re to þ countrey to lese auetures & began to do every  
daye more harme than other. for he forshed & rauys  
hed maydens & wyues withoute nombre he kylled  
murdred so moche peple þ it was pyte. also he rob  
bed chyrches abbayes hermitages & fermes. therer  
was not an abbaye in all the countrey but he robbed  
& pylled þe. these wyched dedes of Robert came to  
the eys of the good duke. & all they that were thus  
robbed & rebuked came to complayne of the grete



outrage and suppression done by Robert and stille  
was doynge thorowe out all þ countree. One sayd  
my lorde your sone hath forsed my wyfe. another  
sayd he hath rauisched my daughter. the other sayd  
he hath stolen my goodes & robbed my hous. & the  
other sayde he hath wounded me to deth with many  
semblable offences. Thus lay they grenaously com-  
playnyng before the good Duke that grete pyte it  
was ther for to se þ good duke herþe the grenaous  
and lamentable complayntes of the greate mordre  
done by roberte his sone thorough out all the lond.

de of Normandye. Than his herfe was subpresled  
with so greate sorowe and thoughte that the salte  
cresbreste oufe of his eyen. & wepte tenderly & says  
de. O ryght wyse god creatoure of heue & erth. I ha  
ue so many tymes prayed the to lende me a chylde &  
all my delyte was to haue a lone. to thentente þ I  
myghte of hym haue grete Joye and solace. And noo  
we I haue one. the whiche doth my herfe so moche  
payne sorowe and thoughte that I wote in no wy  
se what to begynn: nor to doo nor save thereto. bue  
good lord only I crye vpon the for helpe and reme  
dye to be a lytell releascd of my payne and sorowe.

¶ How the Duke sent oufe men of armes for to ta  
ke roberte his lone the whiche robert toke them all  
and put oufe theyr eyen in despite of his fader and  
lente them so horne apon.



**T**here was a knyght of the dukes hous whi  
the percyued h̄ this good Duke was very  
sorowful & penlyfe & knewe no remodye ther̄ne this  
knyghte spake & layde to hym. My lord I wold ad  
uyle you to lende for your e lone robert & let hym be  
brought to your presence and ther̄ before your no  
bles and nexte frendes to rebuke hym. and than cō  
maūde h̄ to leue his cursed lyf. & yf he wyll not ye  
to do iustice vpon hym as on a straunge man here  
to the Duke cōsented and thoughte the knyght ga  
ue hym good counsell. and inconcynent he sente out  
men to seke robert. and in ony wyse they to bryngē  
hym to his presence this robert herynge of the com  
playnſes made of alle the people vpon hym vnto  
his fader and that his fader hadde lents out men to  
take hym wher fore al theym that he coude gette he  
put out theyr eyen and so he toke the men that his  
fader lende for hym and put out theyr eyen in despi  
ce of his fader and whan he had thus blynded his  
faders seruaunſes he layde to theym in mockynge  
ſyrs nowe shall ye ſlepe the better go nowe home to  
my fader and tell him that I ſet lytell by hym & by  
cause he ſendeth you to bryngē me to h̄ therfore to  
his disppte I haue put oute youre eyen. & therfore  
was robert hated boch of god & of the worlde & his  
vicious and moost cursed werkes were opclly knos  
wen thoro we out all cryſtendome. These poore ser  
uaunſes whiche the Duke hadde ſent for robert his  
ſone came home with grete payne and in grete he  
uynelle laynge thus o good lord ſee how your lone  
robert that ye dede lende vs fore hath arrayd vs: &

**W i**

blynded vs. the good Duke seynge his men in this  
case he wexed very angry and full of yre and begā  
to compasse in his mynde how and by what mea-  
nes he might come by to take þ said robert his sone

**C**how the duke of normandye made a proclama-  
cion thourgh ouse his londe. how men sholde take  
robert his sone with all his compayne and bryng  
hym euynchone to prison.

**T**han spahe a wyle lorde of þ dukes counsell  
saynge thus my lord take no more thought  
nor be no more pensyfe. for ye shal never se the daye  
þ robert your sone wyll come in your presence in so  
moche as he hath done so grete and greuouse offen-  
ces to your commons and youre owne messengeres  
that ye lende for þ but it were of necessyte for you  
to correcte and punyssh hym for his grete offences  
that he dayly doth & hath done for we fynde it wyp-  
ten þ the lawe byndeþ you there to. The duke wyl-  
lynge to accomplyssh the councell of his lordes sen-  
de ouse messengeris in all the halte. vnto all portes  
good townes and barones thourgh ouse all his du-  
kedome commandynge on his behalfe all shryues  
bayllifes or other offycers to do theyr vstermoste dy-  
lygence to take robert his sone prisoner & to holde  
and hepe hym surely in prison with all his compa-  
ny and affinise. whā robert herde of this proclama-  
cion he with all his cōpany were sore aferde of the  
Dukes malycē. and whan robert se this was al-  
mooste ouse of his wytte for wode angre and whet-  
ted his teeth lyke a boore and lware a gicte oþe say-

enge thus that he wolde hauē open warre ayenste  
his fader and subdewe and spyll all his lordshyppe

**C**howe robert made h̄y a stronge hous in a derke  
chyc̄ke wylernes where he wroughte myschef w̄  
out cōparison & aboue al mesure or naturell reason



**T**hen whan robert had herde & knownen of þ  
forsayde chynges he lette make in a chycke  
wylde foreste a stronge hous where in he made his  
dwellþge place and in this place it was wylde and  
stronge & more meter for wylde beestes than for ony  
peple to abyde in / & therē robert assembled and ga-  
dered for his cōpany al the molte mischeuoste & fal-  
lest cheues þ he coude fynde or here of in his faders

londe to wele morderes cheues strete robars rebelles  
brenners of chyrches and houses forers of women  
robbers of chyrches & the molte wychedeste & curse  
deste cheuis that were vnder þ sonne robert had ga  
dered to do hym seruice wherof he was capteyn & in  
the forsayde wyldernesse Robert w his compaニー  
dyd so moche mischefe þ no tige can tel he mordred  
marchautes & al þ came by þ waye no man durst lo  
ke ou nor come a brode for fere of robert & his cōpa  
nye of whom euery man was a ferde. for they robbed  
all the countree in so moche þ no man durst loke ou  
te/but that they were kylled of robert or his men al  
so poore pylgremes þ wente on pylgremage were  
murdred by robert & his cōpanye in so moche þ eue  
ry man fledde frome them lyke as þ shepe fled fro  
me þ wolfe for they were as wode as wolues war  
synge sleinge al þ they coude come by. & thus robert  
& his cōpanye led an vngracious lyf. also he was a  
grete glotone of etynge & drinkinge & neuer fastyng  
though it were neuer so grete a fastyng day. In lene  
ce or on ymberdayes he ete fleshe as well on frida  
yes as on sōdayes. but after he had done al this mis  
chefe he suffred grete payne as here aft ye shal here  
¶ how robert the deuyll kylled. vii. heremytes.

**T**he befell vpon a cyme þ robert whiche euer I  
magened & studyed in his mynde how & by  
what meane he myght do molte mylchef & murdere  
as he had ben euer accustomed before he rode out of  
his hous or cheuisshe nestle to seke his pray. & in the  
myddel of the wode he sawe. vii. holy heremytes to

Whome he rode as faste as he coude with his swor;  
de redydrā wē lyke a man oute of his mynde & therē  
he slewe this. vii. heremites þ whiche were bolde &  
good men but they were so ver tuo<sup>9</sup> & holy þ they suf-  
fered the marterdom for þ loue of god & whā he had  
thus slayne these. vii. deuoute mē he spake i mocka-  
ge & layd I haue fōnde here a neste of a many pope  
holy hoissons whome I haue shauen the crounes I  
crow they be drōke they were wonce to knele vpon  
theyr knices and nowre they lye vpon theyr backes  
therē dyde robert a cursed dede & blode shedyngē in  
despyte of god and holy chirche. & after that he had  
done this myschewous dede he rode oute of the wo-  
de lyke a deuyll out of helle semynge worse thanne  
wode & his clothes were all dyed rede with the blo-  
de of þ peple þ he had murdred & slayne. & thusara-  
yed he rode ouer the feldes. & clothes hondes face all  
were rede of the blode of the holy heremites. Whis-  
che he had so pytously murdred in the wyldernesse  
¶ How robert the deuyll rode to his moder the Du-  
chesse of normandye beynge in þ castell of darques  
where she was come to a feste

**B**oberte rode so ferre & so longe that he came  
to the castell of darques but he mette before  
with a shypheerde whiche had tolde h̄y that his mo-  
der the duchesse sholde come to the layd castell to dy-  
ner. & so he rode therer but whā robert came therē  
& the peple se h̄y come therē ranne away from hym  
lyke the hare frome the hōudes one ranne & shet h̄y  
in his house an other ranne in to the chyrche for fe-

re. Robert seynge this that al the people fled from  
hym for fere. he began to sygh in his herte and sayd  
to hymselfe. O almyghty god how maye this be þ  
every man thus fleeth frome me. Nowe I perceyue  
that I am the mooste myschewouste and cursledeste  
wretche of this worlde/for I lente better to be a Je  
we or a sarasyne, than a cristen man. and I see well  
that I am wroste of all yll. Alas layde robert the de  
uyll I maye well hate and curse myne vngracyous  
& cursed lyfe. wherfore I am worthy to be hated of  
god and the worlde in this mynde heuynesse came  
Robert to the castell gates & alyghte downe from  
his horse. But there was no man that durste abyde  
aboue hym nor come nygh hym to holde his horse  
and he had no seruaunte to serue hym but let his horis  
stonde there at the gate, and drewe oute his sworde  
whiche was all blody. and incontinent toke the wa  
ye unto the halle where the duchesse his moder was  
whā þ duchesse a we Roberte her sone come in this  
wyle with a blodys sworde in his hondc. she was so  
re a ferde & wolde haue fledde a wave frome him for  
she knewe well his condicions. Robert seynge that  
euery body dyde flee from hym & that his owne mo  
der wolde haue fledde in lyke wyle. he called unto  
her pteously a ferre and sayd. swete lady moder be  
not aferde of me but stonde styll I haue spoke  
with you & flee not from me in the worshyp of cry  
stes passion. than roberts herte beinge full of thou  
ghc and reþtaunce wenke nygher her. saynge thus:  
O re lady moder I praye and requyre you tell me  
how and by what maner or by wherby commesh ic

that I am so vicious and curste for I knowe well I  
haue no other of you or of my fader wherfore in con-  
tinent I hertely desyre and praye you that ye shewe  
me the trough here of.

**C**how the Duchesse desyrede Robert her sone to  
smyte of her hede. and than she tolde hym how she  
had gyuen hym to the deuyll in his concepcion

**T**he Duchesse had gretly maruaylinge whā  
she herde her sone speke thysse wordes & p̄  
teuously wepynge. With a sorowfull herte saynge  
thus to hym. My dere sone I require you hertely h̄  
ye wyll smyte of my hede. this sayde the lady for ve-  
ry gretpe that she had vpon hym for bycause she  
had gyuen hym to the deuyll in his concepcion robert  
answered his moder with an heuy and a p̄teuous  
theraynge thus. O dere moder why sholde I do  
so that so moche mylchefe haue done and this shol-  
de be the worste dede that euer I dyde. But I praye  
you to shewe me that I desyre to wreke of you then  
the Duchesse herynge his hertely desyre tolde vnto  
hym the cause why he was so vicious and full of  
mylchefe and how she gaue hym to the deuyll in his  
concepcion. herself mysp̄ayng sayde thus vnto  
robert. O sone I am the mooste unfortunate wo-  
man lyuyng and I knowlege that it is all my fau-  
te that ye be so curst and wycked a lyeuer.

**C**how robert the deuyll tolde leue of his moder.

**B**Oberte herynge his moders saynge he fell  
downe to herche in a swoune for very greate  
sorowe and laye styll a longe whyle. than he reme-

ued ayene and came to hymself and began bytterly  
to wepe and complayne saynge thus. The fendes  
of hell be wiche grete diligēce to applye them to ges-  
te and haue me body and soule. but now frome this  
tyme forth I forsake them & all theyr werkes and  
wyll never doo more harme but good. & amende my  
lyf & leue my lynnnes and do penaunce therfore. chā  
after this Roberte spake to his moder / the whiche  
was in greate sorowe & heuynesse saynge thus. D  
mooste reurente lady moder. I herelby beseeche & re-  
quyre you that it wyll plesе you to haue me recom-  
maunded vnto my fader for I wyll take the waye to  
Rome to be assyled of my lynnnes / whiche be innu-  
merable & to abhomynable to recounte. Therfore  
I wyll never slepe one nyght there I slepe an other  
tyll I come at Rome and god wyll.

¶ How robert departed frome his moder & rode in  
to the wyldernes where he founde his cōpanye.

**R**ober in grete haste lyghete vpon his hoise  
& rode to the wode where he had lefte his cō-  
panye the whiche he founde. The Duchelle made  
greate lamentacion for her lone robert whiche had  
taken his leue of her. And sayd many tymes to her  
self. Alas what shal I do for it is all my faulce that  
robert my lone hath done so moche myschefe & in  
the meane whyle þ the Duchelle made this sorowe  
& bewayllynge for her lone robert in came þ duke  
in to the chambrie & as lone as she sawe hym she be-  
gan to tell hym of his lone robert pitifully wepyn-  
ge. She wyngē hym what he had sayd & done. chan-

the good Duke axed her whether robert were dys-  
posed to leue his vicio<sup>9</sup> lyfe. & yf he were sorry for his  
greate offences/ye my lorde layde she he is sore repe-  
taunte.chenne began the duke sore to sygh & layde  
Alas it is all in dayne þ roberte thynketh to do for  
I fere he shall never haue power to make restytucy-  
on of the hurtes & harmes þ whiche he hath done  
in his lyfe.but I beseche almyghty god to prolonge  
his lyf and lende him tyme & respyre that he maye  
amende his lyfe & do penaunce for his synnes

**C**how robert tolde his compayne he wolde goo to  
Rome for to be assolyed of his synnes.

**D**o is robert come ayene to his compayne  
whiche he founde syssinge at dyner & whan  
they saw hym they rose vp & dyde þ reuerence tha  
roberte began to rebuke them for theyr vycrous ly-  
uynges laynge thus my welbeloued felawes. I re-  
quire you in the reuerence of god/that ye wyll her-  
ken and take hede to this that I shall shewe you/  
ye knowe well howe þ we haue ledde hecherto an  
ungracious and mooste viciouse lyfe.robbed & pyl-  
led chyrches/forced women / rauylshed maydens/  
robbed and kylled marchaunses. We haue robbed  
and kylled nonnes holy aunkers preestes clerkes/  
and many other people withoute nombre haue we  
murdred and robbed. Wherfore we be in the waye  
of endles dampnacion except that god haue mercy  
upon vs. Wherfore I require you everychone for  
goddes sake þ ye wyll chaunge youre opinion & leue  
your abhomynable synnes & do penaunce therfore

for I wyll go to rome to be shryuen and to haue penaunce for my synnes. Whan Robert thus sayd one of the theues rose and sayd to his compayne in mockage. nowe syrs take hede the fore wyll be an auctorite for he begynneth to preche. Robert mocketh fast with vs for he is our capiteyn & doth more harme al lone than al we do how thinke ye wyll he be longe thus holy. yet sayd Robert gentyl felawes I praye you for goddes sake leue your condicions & thynke on your soule & do penaunce for your moste fellest stynge synnes & crye vpon our lorde for mercy & for yeue nesse & he wyll foryeue you whā Robert hadde sayd thus than spake to h̄ one of the theues & layde ~~it~~ I praye you mayster be in pease / for it auayleth not what ye saye do but spende your tymē in waste / for I nor my cōpany wyl not amēde our lyf for no man̄ lyuyng / And all his cōpany comaundered his sayngē and sayden all w̄ onc doyce he saythe frewe for and we sholde dye / we wyll not leue our olde condycyons and cursed lyfe / but and yf we haue done mothe hurte hether to we wyll do moche more here after.

**C**how Robert the deuyll bylled all his cōpanye.

**R**obert herynge the faste & wycked opynion & myschewous purpose of his cōpanye wers ed angry and thoughte yf they remayne and abyde stille here they wyl do greate myschef and murde but he wente prenely vnto the doore and shet it faste and gatte a greate staffe and layde one on the theues on the hede / that he fell downe dede to the erth.

And so he serued one after an other. syll he had kylled them everychone. thenne layde he thus to them  
syrs I haue rewardyd you after your deserte & by cause  
ye haue done me good seruyce I haue gyuen you  
good wages. for who soo euer serued a good may-  
ster he is lyke to haue good wages Whan Roberte  
had thus done he wolde haue brence y hors. but he  
consydred the grete good that was there in wherfo-  
re he let it stonde and shette faste the dores aboue  
and locked them and broughte a waye the key with  
hym to his fader.

**C**how Robert the deuyll sente the key of his chefe  
hous or theuyls the lodgings to his fader the Duke  
of normandye and how he wente to Rome.

**T**henne whan Robert had done all that sayd  
is he tolke vp his honde & blessed hym & rode  
thowre the forest the nexte waye to Rome. Robert  
rode that daye so longe tyl that the nyghte came  
on and was passyng sore enhogred for he had seen  
noo mece of all that daye / and forsuned to come ry-  
dnyng by an abbaye whiche he had many tymes rob-  
bed. and the abbot was his knyfeman & Roberte  
rode in to this abbaye and sayd never a word but  
whan the monkes se Robert come they were sore a-  
ferde and ranne awaye. saynge one the an other he  
re cometh the ungracious Roberte. the deuyll hath  
broughte hym herer. whan Robert herde this and  
se them al renne awaye from hym than his sorowe  
began to renewe and sayd in hymselfe in sore sygh-  
inge & sorrowfull herse. I may well haue my curld

lyfe for euery man fletch from me & I haue spente  
my tyme vngraciously & in euyll and cursed wes-  
ties and therewith all he rode streyghte to the chyr-  
che doore & alyghte downe frome his hors deuoutly  
saynge his prayers to god in this wylle. O lorde Ie-  
su cryste I mooste synfull wretche and vessel of alle  
sinkinge synnes I praye the þ thou wylt haue mer-  
cy on me and preserue and kepe me frome all daun-  
geres and peryll. And thenne he wente & spoke to  
the abbot and monkes so sweetly and so pysteuously  
& amyably þ they begā to come toward þ to who  
me robert sayde pystously wepinge knelynge on his  
knees. my lorde I knowlege myself that I haue gre-  
uously offendēd you. and haue done greate harme &  
iniurye vnto your abbay. Wherfore I require & pra-  
ye you all in che honoure of crystes passyon of for-  
gyuenesse. and than he spake to the abbot in this wi-  
se my lorde abbot I prayc you herkely haue me res-  
cōmaunded to my lorde my fader the duke of Nor-  
mandye & delyuer hym this keye of the chefe houſe  
where I haue dwelled with my cōpanye þ whiche  
I haue all slayne. to thentene that they sholde do no  
more harme. & in that houſe lyeth all the goodes &  
tresoure that I haue stolen frome you & other me  
Wherfore I am ryghte sorry. and beseche you of for-  
gyuenesse. and I praye you that this good maye be  
rendred ayene vnto suche people as they haue ben  
longinge to before. robert abode þ night in þ abbay  
but in the mornynge erly he wente thens. and leſſe  
behynde hym his hoſe and his swerde wher with  
all he had done greate myſchefe. and so he wente als-

lone cowarde Rome. And on the same daye rode þ  
abbot to the duke of normandye & gaue hym the ke  
ye þ Robert had delyuered hym & tolde the duke how  
he was gone to Rome. thā þ duke gaue al þ poore  
people theyr goodes ayn þ they had loste before as  
ferre as it coude be founde in the chefe hous. we wyl  
seale of þ duke & the abbot & speke of robert whiche  
gooth to rome warde allone with grete deuocion.

**C**how Roberte came to rome for remyssyon of his  
synnes

**R**obert went so lōge ouer hylles & dales al  
lone tyll at laste w̄ grete payne & pouerche he  
came to rome in to þ cyte vpon a shere churdaye at  
nyght & on the fryday after þ pope hymself layd þ  
deupne seruice as the custome was in sanct peters  
chyrche & Robert presed faste to haue comen to þ  
pope but þ popes seruautes le þ robert presed so so  
re to come to þ pope they smote hym & had hym go bac  
ke but þ more they smote hym þ more he presed & thid  
ge to gette nygh the pope & so at laste he gat to þ  
& fel doun on his knees at þ feet of the pope cryēg  
w̄ a loude voyce laynge thus o holy fader haue mercy  
on me & thus lay robert cryēg lōge whyle the peo  
ple þ were by the pope were angry þ Roberte made  
suche a noyle & wold haue dryueñ hym chens but þ po  
pe leyge roberts grete delyre had pite vpon hym & lay  
de to his peple lace hym alone for in al þ I can se he  
hath grete deuociō wherfore þ pope comaued them  
al to holde shere pese þ he might þ bett here & vnder  
stonde robert than layd Robert to the pope in this  
maner o holy fader I am þ molte and the gretelste

Synner of all this worlde the pope toke Roberte up  
by the honde and sayd to hym good frende what is  
your desyre & what eleth you to make all this noyle  
chan sayd Roberte o holy fader I beseeche you to he  
re my confessyon for and I be not by you assyuled I  
am dappned worlde wouten ende for it is metuayle  
þ the deuyll bereth me not awaie body & soule leyn  
ge the foule innumerable & stynkþ ge synne þ I am  
laden & boüden wall more than ony man lyuyng  
and in so moche þ ye are he þ gyueth remedy helpe &  
comforde to them þ haue nede therfore I hūbly besee  
che you for þ passyon of our lord Ihesu cryst to here  
& purge me of my moost mortall & abhomynable  
synnes wherby I am dereuired & deparstid fro all þ  
Joyes of heuen & am wors thā a Jewe þ pope her þ  
ge this demed & thought in hymself wherter this  
were roberte þ deuyll & axed þ þ lone be ye roberte þ  
whiche I haue herde so moche spekyng of the whi  
che is worst of al men thā roberte answered & sayd  
ye than þ pope sayd I wyll assyule you but I coure  
you in þ name of god þ ye do no man harme The  
pope & all that were aboute þ þ were aferde to loke  
vpon roberte roberte fell on his knees with grete de  
uocion & repentaunce of his synnes laynge holy fader  
may as longe as I lyue I promyse god & his blesyd  
moder wyll I never hurte cristen creature than in  
contynene þ pope toke roberte aparte & herde his con  
fessyon to whom he roberte shroue hym devoutly sh  
wynge how his moder had gyuen þ þ to the deuyll in  
his concepcion wherof the pope was sorre aferde.

**T**hou the pope sente Roberte thre myle withoute  
rome to an holy heremyte.



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**T**he pope this herynge was greely abashed  
the blesyd hys sayd to roberte my dce sone  
ye muste go thre myle withoute the towne & there ye  
thal fynde an heremyte whiche is my goostly fader  
& to hys ye shall confessi you & saye that I sende you  
to hys & he shal also ple you roberte answered hys pope  
I wyl go with a good wyll & take his leue of the po  
pe saynge god gyue me grace so do hys may be to the  
helch of my soule so hys nyght roberte abode in rome

**L** iiiii

for it was late / & in the morynge erly robert went  
out of rome towarde the place where he sholde syn-  
de the heremyte / & so he went so longe ouer hilles &  
dales w grece desyre to be shryuē of his synnes þat  
laste he come where þe heremyte dwelled wherof he  
was glad / & came to the heremyte & tolde hym how þe  
pope had lense hym sheder to be confesst of hym thā  
the heremyte layde he was herly welconie / & with  
in a whyle robert began to cōfesse & shewe his syn-  
nes & fyrste he shewed the heremyte how his moder  
had gyue hym to the deuyl in his concepcion & how  
he smote the chylde in his youch or he coude goo  
allone and how he kylled his leole mayster & how  
many knyghtes he kylled at þe iustyge whā his fad  
made hym knyght & he rode thoroþe his faders lode  
tobbyng & stelynge forsynge of womē rauishyng of  
maydes & how he chaste out þe eyen of his fads mē  
in disperte of hym. & how he had kylled. vii. heremites  
& shortly shewed hym al þe offēces þe euer he dyde se-  
þe þe hour of his byrth till þe tyme. Wherof þe here-  
myte had maruayle. but he was glad þe Robert was  
repētaut for his synnes. whā robert had thē confesst  
þe þe heremyte layd to hym lone this nighc ye shal a  
byde here & to morow I shal gyue you good cōuccell  
of þe ye haue to do robert þe was so curst & furious mil-  
cheuous ferfull cruel & prioude as a lyon. is now as  
gētyl & curteys & swete of wordes & wylle in his de-  
des as euer was ony duke or prynce lyuyng the Ro-  
bert was so wery & ouercomen w goyng þe coude  
nocher eke no drynke. but wente aparte & layde his  
prayers to almyghty god prayenge hym thoroþe his

endeles mercy / þ he wolde kepe hym from þ fēdes  
temptacion / & desysye. þ heremyte made roberte to lye  
þ nyght in a lytell chapell þ stode nyc his celle / & the  
heremyte prayed al þ nyght to our lord for Roberte  
whiche sawe þ he had grete penaunce for his synnes  
and thus prayenge the heremyte fcll a slepe.

**H**ow god sent an aūgel to the heremyte to shewe  
hym the penaunce that he sholde gyue to Roberte for  
his synnes.

**H**e heremyte beȝge thus a slepe there came  
to hym an aūgel saynge to hym in this wy  
se. holy fader here / & take hede of þ message þ god  
comaundereth. yf þ Roberte wyll be shryuen of his syn  
nes / he muste kepe and counterfete the wayes of a  
fole and be as he were dombe. / & he may eue no ma  
ner of meue / but that he can take is from þ dogges  
& in this wylle without spekyng / & cōterfetinge the  
fole / & no thynge eyng but what he can take from  
the dogges must he be tyll tyme that it shall please  
god to shewe hym that his synne be foryeuen / & with  
this visyon the heremyte a woke oute of his slepe / &  
began to remembre hymself of this that layd is / &  
thanked our lord of his gracious message done to  
þy / & whā the daye begā to apere þ heremyte called  
roberte vnto hym. w̄ fayre / & confortable wordes sa  
yng to hym my frende come hecher to me. / & incons  
tynent roberte came to hym w̄ grete deuocion hym  
cōfessyng. and whan roberte had shryuen hym the he  
remyte layde thus vnto hym lone I haue thoughte  
& aduised me of þ penaunce þ ye shal haue to gote  
remyssyon of your synnes / In whiche ye haue gre

uously offended ayenst god that is so welle ye muste  
couterfayte & playe the sole/ & ye maye see no mete  
but that ye can take it from the dogges whan men  
gyue them oughe/ also ye must kepe you as dumbe  
without speche & lye amonge dogges for thus hath  
god this nyght commaunded me by his aungell to  
gyue you this for your penaunce and ye maye of-  
fende no man the whyle your penaunce be a doyn-  
ge/ and this penaunce ye must do for your synnes  
in maner and forme as I haue tolde you tyll suche  
tyme as it shall please our lord to sende you worde  
that your synnes be forgyuen/ roberte beyng mery  
and gladded thankynge our lord Ihesu cryst that he  
was assyled of his synnes & had therfore so lyght  
penaunce as hym thoughte that it was. Nowe eas-  
keth Roberte leue of the heremyte/ and gooth to do  
his grete and sharpe penaunce whiche he helde but  
lyght remembryng his grete abhomynable syn-  
kyng synnes that he hath done all the dayes of his  
lyf this was a fayre myracle/ for he that was so vp-  
cyous and so furvous a rebell & proude a synner/ is  
now so full of vertues and fayre condycyons and  
as tame as a lambe.

**H**ow Roberte the deuyll toke his leue of the here-  
myte & wente agayne to Rome to do his penaunce  
that the heremyte had gauen hym.

**R**oberte hache taken leue of the heremyte &  
is gone towarde Rome ther for to do his pe-  
naunce. And whan he came in to the cyte he began  
to lepe & renne aboute the stretes makynge hymselfe

as though he had ben a sole / & the childe ren in the  
streets se Roberte renne in this wyle and they after  
hym shoutynge and cryenge & castynge wth myre  
and derfe and all suche fylth as they founde in the  
streets and the Surgeyres of the cyte laye in theyr  
wyndowes and laughed and mocked with roberte  
Than whan roberte had thus played the sole in to  
me a certayne season he came on a tyme to þ Em  
perours courte & se that the gate dyde stonde open  
& he ranne streyght in to the hall / & there he leeted  
up and downe from the one ende to the other som  
tyme he wente fast and somtyme softely and than  
he hopped and ranne and otherwhyle he stode even  
stille but he stode not longe in one place. The Em  
peroure seynge Roberte thus playenge the sole. he  
sayd to one of his seruautes / se yonder is a fayre  
and a well fauoured yonge man / me thynketh he is  
out of his mynde the whiche is greate domage / for  
he is fayre & a well made man / go & gyue hym mece.  
¶ This Emperours seruaunt dyde as he was com  
maunded & called roberte to hym & wolde haue gy  
uen hym some mece / but roberte wolde nocher ete nor  
drynke / & whyle roberte late thus at the table them  
perour sawe one of his hounds whiche was bytten  
with an other dogge / wherfore the Emperour cast  
hym a bone and th<sup>e</sup> dogge caught the bone and be  
gan to gnaue there on & roberte se yge þ lcpte from  
the table & tolke it from hym / but the dogge soughe  
with roberte for the bone & helde faste the one ende  
& roberte þ other ende / but roberte se it wolde be no  
better / but set hym downe on the grounde & gnewe

on the one ende of the bone & the dogge on þ other  
temperoure and they that loked here on / laughed  
at robert and þ dogge. but Robert dyde so mische þ  
he gat the bone allone & laye and gnewe it for he  
was sore enhongred. temperoure seynge that þ oþ  
bert was so sore enhongred he caste to an other dog  
ge an hoole lofe. but robert toke it frome hym & bra  
ke it in two peces & gaue the dogge half for by cau  
se he gat it for the dogges sake. theperour seynge  
this lough there at & layd to his seruautes. We ha  
ue here nowe the mooste folys the fole and the veray st  
nedy that euer I sawe for he taketh the dogges  
mete from thē & eteth it hymself therby a man may  
perfytely knowe that he is a naturell fole . all that  
were in the hal gaue the dogges as moche mete as  
they myght ete to thensente þ robert myght fyll his  
belye w thē & whan he had filled his belly while he  
rose vp and walked vp and doun in the hall with  
a staffe in his honde / myctynge vpon stoles and ben  
ches lyke as & yf he had bene a very innocente fole.  
And thus walkynge he loked on euery syde & sawe  
adore where men wente in to a fayre gardyne in þ  
whiche gardyne ther stode a fayre fontayne or wel  
and therer went Robert to drynke for he was euyll  
churste and whan nyghte came on / robert folowed  
the forsayde dogge where so euer he wente the whi  
che was accustomed to lye euery nyghte vnder a stey  
re & therer he went and layde him doun & robert fo  
lowed hym vnder þ steyre and layde hym doun by  
the dogge. temperoure seynge this had compassyſ  
on on Robert and commaūded that men sholde be

te hym a bedde that he myght lye there vpon to sle  
pe anone two seruautes brought robert a bedde to  
slepe there on but he pointed to bere it away ayene  
for he had leuer to lye vpon the hard and colde erth  
than vpon a softe bedde wher of the emperor had  
greate maruayle and comandid that men shold  
bere hym clene strawe whiche they dyde than robert  
whiche was feynfe and wery of goynge leyde hym  
downe to slepe on þ strawe. now haue this in youre  
myndes þe proude herkes & synners thyke on rober-  
tes greate penaunce & wylfull pouerfe and how he  
so greate a gentylman borne forsoke his fader and  
his moder and al his frndes and his countrey and  
londe & al his dyligate metes & drinke & gaye ray-  
mentes & wordly pleasure w all that of luche astace  
aperceyneth how wyllyngly he hath alle forsaken  
for the saluacion of his soule & is gone out of a du-  
kes bedde to dogges canell. and with dogges he ete  
& dronke & slepte & rose whan they rose. & in this pe-  
naunce lyued roberte. vii. yeres or there aboue. & the  
dogge þ he comunly slept with all perceyued that  
he fowre the better. & had more mce for robertes sa-  
ke than he was wone to haue before & that no man  
dyde bete hym for his sake wherfore he began to lo-  
ue roberte passyng well in so moche men myght as  
soone haue kyld hym as dryuen hym from robert

**T**how robert made a Jewe to kylle his dogges ar-  
se at the Emperours table.

**T**he befell vpon a tyme that the emperor helde  
a gree feste in his palays in the cyte of rome

To whiche feste were assembled all the chefe of þ 15  
de amonge whome there was a Jewe whiche was  
receyuer of the mooste parte of ali thumperours ion-  
des . and whan every man was sette at the table ro-  
bert walched vp & doun in the hall hauyge his dog-  
ge in his armes playenge þ fole as he was wonse  
to do . & thus came to the table behynde þ foresayde  
Jewe whiche was sette at thumperours table and  
Robert come behynde his backe and knocked hym  
on the sholder the Jewe felte hym and courned his  
face shorly behynde hym and robert hadde vp his  
dogges arse redy and sette it vpon the Jewes face .  
Thumperoure & his lordes this scynge , laughed &  
had good game there at . but the Jewe was wroch &  
foule ashamed but he durst saye no thynge at þ tyme .  
Than robert set doun his dogge & incōtinent  
the dogge lepte vpon þ table & dyde so moche with  
his mouth & fete that he caste doun al the viete un-  
der the table . And in this maner Robert spente his  
tyme euer withoutespekyng . lyke as þ herenice had  
comauded hym . & euer he dyde som madde or mery  
cō-  
cye to cause þ Emperour to laugh or to be mery .

**H**ow Roberte shewe doun a bryde on a foule  
donge hyll and how he put a lyuynge catte in to an  
hole leshynge polle with podred bele .

**I**t befell on a tyme þ there was a bryde shol-  
de goo to chyrche to be wedded . Whiche was  
galy aparelled as to a bryde aperceyned Roberte  
Seynge this bryde thus galy arayed . toke her by the  
hode & led her thorough a passyng foule donge hyll

and ther made her fall & fouled her gaye araye. &  
Then he ranne lyghtely a waye shoutynge & laughs  
ynge. and ranne vnto the brydes kytchen wher her  
dynner was apareyled and caughte a lyuyng cat  
te and caste her into the potte of pouldred befe.  
The whiche incontinent was tolde to thumperoure  
wher at he and all his lordes laughed and hadde  
grete game therat. & they loued Roberte passynge  
well for he made moche myrth without harme.

**C**how the senellhal had gadred a greate armie of  
men of warre of sarasins & layde syege to Rome be  
cause the Emperour wolde not gyue hym his dou  
ghter in maryage.

His is  
and erit  
golmans  
bookt tis  
edward  
powell  
come a  
gaine



This is  
and erit  
golmans  
bookt tis  
edward  
powell  
come a  
gaine

**I**n the mene season whyle Roberte was thus  
in Rome doinge his penaunce as is forsayde  
whiche dured leue yeres or there aboue in the Em  
perours courte. the whiche emperoute hadde a say  
re doughter. but she was borne dombe & never spa  
ke / & chemporous seneschall dyuerse tymes had de  
syred this doughter in maryage of the Emperoure  
but he wolde never graunce hym her / wherfore the  
seneschall was grely moued and angry therwith  
champour. for he thoughte he myght haue won  
of hym his empyre by forse and myght in so moche  
the seneschal came vpon a tyme with a greate hoste  
of saralyns & layde syege to þ cyte of Rome where  
of chempour had greate maruayle. & wondred thā  
champour gadred & assembled al þ lordes barons  
ashynge of thē cousell saynge thus. my lordes gyue  
me good couseyll þ we maye withstonde this hechē  
dogges whiche haue layde syege here to oure. Lyte  
wherfore I take greate thoughte for they kepe all  
my londe vnder theyr subieccyon & they wyll brīge  
vs to cōfusion þ that god not of his endles þmercy  
helpe vs not. wherfore I praye you eurychone to go  
syght with them with al our power & myght & dry  
ue thē away than answered the lordes & knyghtes  
all with one assens sayge louerayne lord your cou  
seyll is good & wyse. Wherfore we be all redy to go  
with you. & gyue thē batayle & defende our ryghte  
boch londe & cyte chempour chanked thē of this  
answere & was glad therof & made proclamation  
thowte out all his londes & cytees that every man  
olde & yonge that were able to bere armes shold ma

be them redy to go fyght ayenst cheyr moost cruel  
enemys the saralyns whiche were comen in to che  
londe. & incōtinent whan this proclamacyon was  
done amounge the comyns every man was wyllyng  
ge & redy to go with chempour to fyght & defēde  
cheyr ryghts and so they went forthe in a fayre ordi  
nace with chempour to fyghte upon cheyr more  
cal enemys the hechen dogges. And for all y them  
perour had moche mo people than che seneshal yet  
che seneshal had wonne the felde hadde not god of  
his greace marcy sent theder Robert to resyde and  
helpe che romayns in cheyr exstreme necessyte.

**C**how our sauour ihesu hauyng compassion on  
the crysien blod sente Robert by his aūgell a white  
hors & harneys cōmaunding hym to go resewe and  
helpe y romayns ayenst þ hethē dogges þ saralys.

**T**he Emperour & the romayns wente to the  
bacaple as sayd is ayenst the saralyns. & ro  
berte was at home. Where he was accustomed to  
walke in the gardyne to a fonsayne or well to drin  
ke. & this was on the same daye that the emperour  
with his hoste sholde gyue bacaple ayenst the sara  
lyns. than there came a voyce out of heuen sent fro  
me our lorde aboue saynge in this maner. Roberte  
god cōmaudeth you by me that ye incōtynenc armē  
you with this harneys and lyghte upon this hoise  
that god hath sente you. & ryde in all haste possyble  
and rescue the emperour & his people. Robert herþ  
ge the cōmaundement of god was abashed in his  
mynde, and durst not do ayenst goddes commaunde

men but in contynent he armed hym & lepte on that  
hors without ony taryenge and rode his waye / the  
Emperours doughter whiche I tolde you of before  
stode at a wyndowe & sawe Roberte thus armed on  
hors backe than yf she coude haue spoken she wol-  
de haue tolde it but she coude not speke for she was  
dorme but she remembred and bare it surely in her  
mynde roberte thus horst & harnayst rode in to their  
perours hoost whiche he sawe was sore ouerpressed  
with theyr enemys the Turkes in so moche þ had  
not god & roberte rescued the þ Cristen men had ben  
all slayne / but whā roberte was come in to thost he  
put þ in þ moost presse of þ turkes & faught & lay-  
de on eche syde on these cursed hōdes / there a man  
myght haue sene / armes / legges / heedes comble on  
the grounde / he smote so the grounde both hors & man  
þ neuer rose after / it was a wold to se the murdie  
þ roberte dyde amouge the dampned dogges the sa-  
rasyns / so to make short tale roberte dyde so moche  
þ the sarasyns were cūstrayned to flye awaie & the  
perour helde the felde & had the vycorye of them.

**C**how Roberte cornd agayne to þ forsayd fontay-  
ne & there unarmed þ / whan he had thus subdued  
& vanquysshed þ sarasyns & put them to flyght.

**D**u hath the Emperour gotten þ felde &  
the honoure thanked be god & roberte is cor-  
ned agayne to the sayd fontayne & there unarmed  
hym & layde the harnays on the hors whiche incon-  
tynent was vanquished awaie þ no man coude kno-  
we nor perceyue where he became and Roberte bode

¶yll stondyng by þ fontaync / þe emperours dough  
ter seynge this had grete mervayll of this / & wylde  
haue tolde it forthe but she was dombe / & coude not  
speke / roberse had a race in his face whiche he gote  
in þ batayll / but he was none other wylle hirse / the  
Emperour was glad / & thanked god of his vycory  
ayenst þ false dogges þ Saralyns / & thus beynge me  
ry he came home to his palays / & whan they were al  
set to dynner roberse presented hyselue before the empe  
rour as he was wonke to do playnge þ sole / & makyn  
ge hys dobe as a fore rehersel is the emperour recysed  
in hyselue whan he se roberse for he loued hys passyn  
ge well / & thā he perceyved robersts hirse in his face  
& thought þ some of his seruautes had hirse hym  
whyle he was out / wherfore he was angry / & sayd /  
here in this courte be some enuyous men / for whyle  
we haue ben out at batayle they haue beten / & hirse  
this poore Innocente creature in his face whiche is  
grete synne for thoughe he be a sole he doth no man  
harme so the emperour comandid them all vpon a gre  
te payne þ no man shold do hys harme / yf they dy  
de they shold be punysshed þ all other shold beware  
by them / than the emperour began to ale his knygh  
tes yf there were ony of thē þ coude tell of þ knyght  
with the whyste hors þ came preuely in to the felde / &  
so valyauntly rescued the emperours daughter this  
herynge poynted the emperour her fader þ it was ro  
berse / but the emperour vnderstode not what his dou  
ghter mente what she poynted / for she coude not spe  
ke / wherfore he called her maystres to hym / & axed  
her what his daughter mente by her poyntynge / &

her maystresse answered and sayde your daughter  
menes by her pointynge that this daye ye haue goe  
ten the bataylle and victorye thorowe the helpe of  
yourre sole robert & the race that is in his face he ha  
the gotten it in the batayle. the Emperoure under  
standingyng the mynde and intent of his daughter he  
was angry and sayde to her maystresse ye sholde ter  
che & lerne my daughter wylisme & no folye ne per  
uyshnesse wher with all I am myscotent the daugh  
ter leyng that her fader was angry pointed no mo  
re not withstandyng she wylt well that it was tre  
we that she pointed and mente for in as moche as  
she had sen  $\hat{p}$  aungell bryng  $\hat{p}$  the hors & harnes  
This remaynde in this wylt acerteyne season and  
after that the sarasyns were put to flyghte by the  
romayns as sayde is yet came the seneschal agayne  
with moche more company & layde syege to Rome  
& the romaynes sholde haue lost the fylde ayn had  
not the knyghte on the white horse bene to whom  
god sent horsse and harnaps as he had done before  
to make shorte tale this knyght dyde so moche that  
the sarasyns were put to flyghte &  $\hat{p}$  romayns won  
the feld & victorye as they dyde before. there were  
some of the emperours meynay layde wayte wher  
this knyghte became. But as soone as the batayle  
was done he was gone nod man coude tell were he  
was become saue only the Emperours daughter  
whiche se  $\hat{p}$  at  $\hat{p}$  fontayne agayne unarmyng  $\hat{p}$

**C**how Robert gatte the shyrde batayle as he dyde  
before whiche she kepte secrete.

**I**n a shorse tyme after this the seneschal tour ned ageyn w<sup>th</sup> a moche greter power than he hadde before & layd syege to rome and yet þ thent peroure rode to the batayle he commaunded his knyghtes & barones to take good hede fro whens that knyghte came w<sup>th</sup> the white horssle and what he was and where he became for he hadde grete desyre to knowe what he was / The knyghtes answered it sholde be done the daye came that they must ryde forth to the batayle and serteyne of þ best knyghtes rode priuely into a wood that stode a lycell there be syde & there they wayted whiche waye the knyghte on the white horssle sholde come to the batayle but they loste theyr laboure for they coude not tell whēs he come / But whan they sawe hym in the batayle they rode towarde him to helpe hym and receive hym this same batayle was sore foughтен on both par̄ties / but the Saracyns loste there courage for robere layde on so greate and myghty strokes that no man myght stonde vnder his honde so that in conclusiō Robert dyde so moche and so valyantly that the Saracyns were put to the dyscomifture where of the Emperour was greatly enjoyed and the seneschall with þ Saracyns were passyng angry and sore mo ued therwith all.

**T**hō one of the emperoures knyghtes hurtē Robert in the thyghe with a spere.

**T**han whā this batayle was done cuery man rode home and Roberte wolde haue tour ned agayne to þ soncayne to drame hym as he was

wonte to do before but the foresayd knyghtes were  
recomned agayne in to the wode to a wayte for the  
knyght with the whyte hors and whan they sawe  
hym come they rode all at ones out of the wode &  
cryed with a loude voysesaynge unto hym. O nos-  
ble knyght tarye & speke with vs and tell vs who  
that ye be & whens & out of what londe ye come to  
the entent that we maye shewe it to the Emperour  
whiche specyally he desyreteth for to knowe. Roberte  
this herynge was sore a shamed & smote his why-  
te hors with his spores flyngynge ouer hylles and  
ouer valeyes for bycause he wolde not be knownen  
but there folowed hym a bolde knyght well horsed  
With a spere wenynge to haue kyld his whyte hors  
but he myste and smote roberste in the thyghe with  
his spere and the spere heed brake of & stache styll  
in his thyghe but yet for all this he coude gete no  
knowlege of the knyght with the whyte hors for he  
rode from them all everychonc wherof they were  
passyng soi. Roberte rode so sore tyll at y last he  
came to the fontayne & unarmed hym & layde the  
harnaps on the hors as he had done before whiche  
in contynent was vanysshed away & gone & he die-  
de out the spere heed out of his thyghe & hyd it by  
twene two grete stones by the fontayne than he lay-  
de grece & mosse vpon his woude for he durst let no  
man loke thereto for fere he sholde haue bene kno-  
wen. And all this sawe & marked the Emperours  
doughter forbycause she se þ Roberte was a fayre  
& wel fauoured yonge knyght she began to cast her  
loue unto hym. And whan Roberte had diestled his

Wounde he came in to the halle / to gese hym som  
mete & he haled as lytel as he coude & kepte it secre  
tely þ almoost no man coude perceyue it & suffred  
more payne a thousande tymes þa it semed by hþ  
Shortly after this came home þ knyght þ had huc  
te Roberte. And began to recoure to theperour how  
the knyghte wþ the whyte hors had out ryden hþ &  
how he had hurte hþ sore ayenst his wyll. And layd  
to þ Emperour. I beseche you my lorde Emperour  
here what I shall tell you how and in what maner  
ye shall knowe who he is that hath holpen you it is  
best ye make a proclamacyon & publylise throughe  
out your Empyre / & yf there be ony knyght in why  
te harnays and a whyte hors that he be brought to  
your presence and that he brynge wþ hym the spe  
re heed where wþ all he was hurte in his thyghe  
shewynge the woude / & þ ye gyue hym your dough  
ter to wyfe and halfe your Empyre with her / them  
perour this herynge was of his counseyl very glad  
and in contynent in all haste proclaimed and puply  
shed throughe out all his Empyre and thought that  
the knyght had gyuen hym good coulseyll.

**T**hou the Seneschall chrusse a spere heed in to his  
thyghe wenynge to haue begyled theperour and  
to haue wonne his doughter therby.

**I**t befell in shoice tyme after þ the Seneschal  
hadde knowlege and vnderstandynge of the  
Emperoures proclamacyon and howe he myghtie  
wynne theperoures doughter whiche he had ma  
ny tymes bene aboute he dyde grete dylygence and

caused to be sought & gotten a whyte hors and whys-  
te harnays & thyste a spere heid in his thyghe wel-  
myng therby to deceyue chemproure and to gesse  
his doughter to wiffe and whan this was done he  
commaunded all his men to arme them and rode  
with hym to the Emperour and he rode so sore cyll  
he came to Rome with grete roialte and solace &  
without ony tarynge he rode streyght to the Em-  
perour saynge to hym in this wyle my lorde I am  
he that you so valyauctly many tymes receyued this  
tymes I haue caused you to haue honour & victoriy  
ayenst the cursed sarasyns / chemproure thynge  
vpon no treason nor dysleite sayd ye be a valyauct  
& a wyle knyght but I had wente the contrarie for  
we haue taken you for a vplayne and a foisworne  
knyght the Seneschall was very angry & sore mo-  
ued here withall and answered chemproure shortly  
and angerly / my lorde Emperour meruayll you no  
thyng here of for I am not such a cowarde as ye  
wene that I be & thus saynge he toke out the spere  
heid and shewed it the Emperoure and uncovered  
the wounde the whiche he had made hym selfe in  
his thyghe the knyght stode by whiche that hurte  
Robert before and began to cōpasse in his mynde  
for he se well þ it was not the heed of the spere but  
he durst saye nochynge for feare leest the Seneschall  
wolde haue kylled hym we wyll leue now of the Se-  
neshall & speke of Roberte whiche is amonge dog-  
ges sore wounded as ye haue herde.

**C**how god sente his aungell to the hercynpe þ he

Sholde go to rome and seke Roberte for he had full  
done his penaunce.

**T**he heremyste whiche ye haue herde of before  
that shroue and sette Roberte his penaunce  
laye on a nyght in his selle and slepte and thus sles-  
pynge there came to hym a voyce / and badde hym  
lyghtly a ryse and go to Rome to the place where  
Roberte was doynge his penaunce / and the aun-  
gell tolde the heremyste all the doynges of Roberte  
shewynge how that his penaunce was fuldone and  
that god hadde forgyuen hym his synnes wherof  
the heremyste was verye gladde and in the mornyn-  
ge eerly he rose and wente to Rome warde / and in  
lyke wyle in the same mornynge the Seneschal rose  
be tyme and wente to Rome to the Emperoure to  
despre and haue his doughter accordyng to the pu-  
blycacyon and crye the whiche the Emperour con-  
sented her to hym without ony longe aduysement /  
But whan the doughter vnderstode that she was  
gyuen to the Seneschall she raylled and raged as  
though she hadde ben wood and madde she fare her  
here from her heed and all to core her clothes but it  
myght not hymge auayll her for she was constrain-  
ned and must be arayed lyke a bryde and an Em-  
peroures doughter whiche sholde be maryed and  
the Emperour ladde her by the hande hymselfe to  
the chyrche royally accompanayed with lordes and  
ladies and gencylwomen but the doughter made  
the gretest sorowe of the worlde in so moche that no  
man coude contente her mynde.

**H**ow the Emperours daughter throughe the gra  
ce of god began for to speke the fyrt that euer she  
spake in her lyfe.

**T**han as the Emperour with all his estate  
was come in to the chyrche the Emperures  
daughter whiche was dumbe sholde marye the Se  
neshall there dyde our lorde a fayre myracle for the  
loue of the holy man Roberte to the entente he shol  
de be exalted / whome every body helde for a fole  
and with hym mocked whan the preest sholde be  
gyn the seruyce / to marye the Seneshall and this  
yonge mayde togyder / the daughter thoroouge the  
grace of god began to speke to the Emperour her  
fader in this wyle / fader I holde you nos wyle but  
fer ouer sene in that ye byleue / that this proude fo  
lyssh traytour telleth you / for all that he telleth you  
it lyes / but here in this towne is a holy and deuoute  
person / for whose sake god hath gyuen me my spe  
che wherfore I loue hym in my herte for I haue all  
waye sene and marked his valyaunce and holynes  
but noo man wolde byleue me what poyntyng or  
lygnes that I made / than the Emperour this he  
ryge was almoost out of his myde for Joye whan  
he herde his daughter speke whiche never spake be  
fore / wherby he knewe well ynowghe the Seneshal  
had betrayed and deceyued hym / the Seneshal this  
beyng was wood angry and foule ashamed and  
lyghte upon his hors and rode awaie and all his  
companye the pope there beyng presente axed the  
mayde who the man was that she spake of / than  
the mayde ladde the pope and the Emperoure her

fader to the fontayne where Roberte was wonse to  
arme and unarmed hym and there she toke out the  
spere heed from bytwene the two stones where Ro-  
berte had hydde it / and than she caused the spere to  
be brought forth where of this heed was broken/  
whiche was lyghcly broughte to her and that heed  
& the spere joyned togyder in one as cloes as they  
had not be broken / than sayd the mayde to the pope  
we haue had thre tymes vyctoye by his noble va-  
lyaunce ayenst the mylcreaunc Saralyns / for I ha-  
ue thre tymes sene his hors and harnays wherwith  
he hath thre tymes armed and unarmed hym / but  
I can not tell who brought hym that hors and har-  
nays nor unto whome he delyuered it / but I knowe  
well that whan he hadde done he layde hym selfe  
dounne by the dogges / and the mayden sayd unto  
the Empcrouer her fader in this wyle / this is he that  
hath saued your lordes and your honoure and ga-  
se you vyctoye of the hechhen houdes the Saralyns  
wherfore ye ought of deute to rewarde hym / and yf  
it please you we wyll go all to hym and speke with  
hym / than wente they for the pope the Empcrouer  
and the doughter with all the Lordes and Ladys  
unto Roberte whome they founde lyenge amonc  
dogges they folowed hym and dyde hym reuerence  
but Roberte answered them not.

**C**how the heremyte foude Roberte and comman-  
ded hym to speke laynge to hym that his penaunce  
was full done and his synnes forgyuen.



**T**he Emperoure spake to Roberte & layd I  
Praye you swete frende come to me & shewe  
me youre chyghe for I wyll nedes se whan  
Roberte herde chēperour saye these wordes he wylt  
wylt ynougher wherfore he was comen to hym / but he  
lete hym as though he had noe vnderstonden hym &  
Roberte dyde many madde conceytes to make the  
pope & chēperour to laughe & forgate hym they spos-  
ke of / but the pope spake to Roberte & couured hym  
in hym name of god / on the crosse dyed for our redew  
evon that ys if he goddes wyll / thou hast spoken hym  
thou speke now unto vs / and than Roberte rose vp

tyke a folke and gave the pope his blesſyng and here  
withall Roberte loked behynde hym & sawe the he  
temple that set hym his penaunce & as soone as the  
heremyce le Roberte whiche he had longe sought he  
crysed to hym w̄ a loude voyce þ every man myght  
here þþ that were there my frende harken vnto me  
I knowe well that ye be Roberte that men calle the  
deuyll but now ye be in grace and conceyce with al  
myghty god and for that foule and hydeous name  
ye shall haue a fayre name & be called the seruaunt  
of god ye be he that hath sauued this londe from the  
Saralyns wherfore I praye you that ye serue and  
worshyp god as ye haue done hyder to for our lordc  
Sendeth me now to you comandynge you to speke  
and no more to conserfye the folke for it is goddes  
wyll & comandement for he hath forgyuen you all  
your synnes for bycause ye haue made satylfaction  
& ful done your penaunce whan Roberte herde this  
he fell lyghely on his knees & lyfte vp his hondes  
cowarde heuen saynge thus. I gyue laude & chan  
ges to god creature of heuen & crich þ ic hath plea  
sed the to forgyue me myne abhomynable & gret  
synnes thrughe so lytell & lyght penaunce þ I haue  
done therfore whan the pope the Emperour & the  
doughter & all þ were there presence herde Roberte  
speke thus swetly they were all here of gretely en  
joyed & had gret meruayll here of the emperour se  
yng his noble valyaunce vertue & curtelye that in  
hym was & wolde haue gyuen hym his doughter to  
wyf but þ heremyce wolde not ic sholde be so wher  
fore every man departed and wenche home.

**C**howe Roberte tourned agayne to Rome for to  
marye the Emperours daughter by the commaun-  
dement and wyl of god.

**N**ow the stoyre telleth as after that Roberte  
had remysyon of his synnes & was gone to  
warde his countre than out of Rome god comau-  
ned hym thre tymes by an aungell that he sholde  
tourne agayne to Rome and to marye the Empe-  
rours daughter whiche loued hym passyngly well  
and he sholde haue by her a sone wherby the cristen  
byleue sholde be encreased and forte syed and defen-  
ded Roberte at the comandement of god tourned  
agayne to Rome and marayd the emperours dough-  
ter with greate tryumph & solace for the emperour &  
all the Romayns were therof very gladde this bry-  
dale was roually kepte and every man that se Roberte  
loued and lyked hym aboue all other and the  
people sayd one to an other that they were gretely  
beholdynge to Roberte that he had redemed them  
from theyr mortall enmyes the sarasyns this feest  
was greate and notable and deured .xiiiij. dayes and  
whan the feest and brydale was done Roberte wol-  
de departe with his lady in to Normandye to vsy-  
te his fader and moder and toke his leue of the  
emperour whiche gaue hym many royll and greate  
gyftes as gold & syluer & precyous stones of dyuers  
colours also the emperour gaue hym knyghes and  
squires to ryde & conduyte hym in to his countre.

**C**how Roberte & his lady came to rowane in Nor-  
mandye with greate honour and worshyp.

**R**oberte & his lady rode so ferre tyll they camme in to Normandye in to the noble Cyte of Rowane with grete myrth & solace / where they were receyued with grete triumphe for the comynctes of the countre were sorwe and in grete heuynes that theyr duke Robertes fader was dyscesed forbycause he was a wyle and a renomed prynce. A lytell belynde Rowane dwelled a cursed knyghte whiche had done the duchesse grete wronge and suppressed many knyghtes after her husbondes dyscease. But whan Roberte was comen euery man driad hym & dyde hym grete reuerence and worshyp / than some sayd we wende he had ben deed and all the lordes and burgeys of Rowane gadred them togyder and with grete honoure and reuerence they receyued Roberte and helde hym as theyr lorde and souerayne. And whan they had receyued hym honourably they shewed hym of this before sayd knyghte / he had many tymes supprese & done wronge to his moder lytchen the deth of his fader / than whan roberete herde & vnderstode this he sente lyghtly men of armes to take the sayd knyghte / the whiche dysden so moche that they tolke hym / and brought hym to Roberte whiche made hym to be hanged wherfore the duches was ryght gladd / but she was moche more gladder that Roberte her sone was come home for the wende he had ben deed / & whan roberete and his moder were thus togyder / he recounted vnto her howe the Empcroure hadde gyuen hym his doughter in maryage / and how he hadde done his penaunce / the duchesse herynge her sones wors

des she began to wepe very sore for bycause he had  
suffered so grete pouerte and penaunce thorough  
his defaute.

**C**how the Emperour sente a messenger unto the  
duke Roberte that he sholde come and rescue hym  
ayenst the Seneschall.

**T**At the meane season whyles Robert was thus  
at Rowane with his moder and his ladye in  
grete Joye and solace / there came a messenger fro  
the Emperour unto Roberte / whiche dyde hym re  
uerence and saynge thus unto hym / my lorde duke  
the Emperour hath sente me hyther to you and he  
prayeth you for to come and rescue hym ayenst the  
false traytore the Seneschall w<sup>t</sup> the Saracyns whis  
che haue layde syge to Rome / whan Roberte her  
de these wordes he was sorrye in his mynde for them  
peroure / and shortly assembled as many men of ar  
mes as he coude gete in his londe of Normandy / &  
forth withall rode with them towarde Rome to hel  
pe and socoure the Emperoure / but before he cou  
de come thider the false traytore the Seneschall had  
slayne the Emperour / whiche was grete pyte / but  
Roberte wente streyght in to Rome / & lyghely with  
all his power and myght wente ayenst the Senes  
chall. And whan Roberte aspyed the false traytore  
he desayed hym saynge thus / abyde thou false tray  
tore / now shou shalte never escape my hondes yf  
thou abyde me in the felde / for thou arte now mygh  
thy lyues ende / thou dydest put ones a spere heed in  
thy chynghe so to haue deceyued y<sup>t</sup> Romayns / defen

de now thy lyfe ayenst me for thou shalte never esca-  
pe myn hondes/and thou hast also slayne my lorde  
the Emperor/wherfore thou shalte be well rewar-  
ded after that thou haste deserued. And with these  
wordes Roberte with a greate desyre/and myghty  
courage rode in contynent vnto the Seneshall and  
gauē hym suche a stroke on the helmette that he clo-  
ue helmet and heed vnto the teeth/and in contynent  
the traytore fell downe deed vnto the erth/and Ro-  
berte made hym to be brought into Rome to the en-  
tente that he sholde there be slayne to reuenge the ro-  
maynes/the whiche was done in the presence of all  
the people that were in Rome/and in this wyle fy-  
nysched that traytore the Seneshall his lyfe and  
had a shamfull deth/wherby men maye make and  
take hede that it is greate folye to coueyte or desyre  
thynges passyng theyr degré/for & the Seneshall  
had not desyred the Emperours doughter the whi-  
che passed and exceded ferre aboue his degré/he had  
not dyed this shamful deth/but myght haue lyued  
and the Emperor also/& haue dyed good frendes.

**T**hou þ the duke Roberte tourned agayne to Ro-  
wane after he had made the Seneshal to be slayne.  
**R**oberte the duke defended the cyte of Rome  
from theyr enemyes. And than he tourned  
agayne with all his compayne vnto Rowane to his  
wif. whiche was passyng sorowfull and pensyfe  
But whan she herde þ the traytore the Seneshall  
hadde slayne her fader/she was almoost out of her  
mynde. But Robertes moder comforted her in the-

best maner that she coude or myght. And for to ma-  
ke shorly an ende of our matre & so to synyshe this  
booke we wyll lesse passe to wryte of the grete dolc  
and sorowe of the yonge duchesse, and speke of the  
duke Roberte whiche in his youch was abte to all  
myschefe and vryce and all vngraciousnes without  
ony measure or reason for he was a more deuourer  
and a more vengeable than ony lyon nothynge spa-  
rynge, nor on no man hauyng mercy nor pyte. And  
after this he lyued. vii. yere in grete penaunce lyke  
a wylde man without ony speche and lyke a dumbe  
beest etynge and drynkynge with dogges and thes-  
te after was he exalced and honourid of them whi-  
che before dyde holde hym for a folke for an innocent  
and mocked with hym. This Roberte lyued longe  
in vertue and honoure with that noble lady his  
wyfe, and he was beloued and dradde of hygh and  
lowe degré for he dyde ryght and Justyce, as well  
ouer the ryche as ouer the poore kepyng his londe  
in reste and in peace, and he begotte a chylde with  
her, the whiche he called Rycharde, whiche dyde  
afterwarde many noble actes and dedes of armes  
with grete Charlemayne kyng of fraunce, for he  
dyde helpe hym for to gets and forscyfe the crysten  
fayth and he made alwayes grete warre vpon the  
Saracyns. And he lyued in his londe in reste & pea-  
ce, and was beloued of poore and ryche, and all his  
comente loued hym, in lyke wylle as Roberte his fa-  
der was beloued, for they lyued both deuoutly and  
in vertue, wherfore I praye god that we may so ly-  
ue in this lyfe, that after this lyfe we may optayne

and come to euerlastynge lyfe. To the whiche bryng  
ge vs he / that bought vs and all mankynde / with  
his precyous blode & bytter passyon. Amen.

Thus endeth the lyfe of Robert the deuyll.  
That was the seruaunt of our lorde  
And of his condycyons that was full euyll.  
Enprynted in London by Wynkyn the worde.

Here endeth the lyfe of the moost ferefullest / and  
vnmercyfullest / and mylcheuous Roberte the de/  
uyll whiche was afterwarde called the seruaunte  
of our lorde Ihesu cryst. Enprynted in fletestrete in  
the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de worde.